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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE PASSING OF SHERMAN ADAMS

SHERMAN ADAMS has finally resigned, the President has accepted his resignation "with sadness," and his successor has been named. All this could mean that a sad story had reached its ordained ending. Politics being what it is, though, the story is hardly ended; the country will be hearing about the Adams case for a long time.

The Adams-Goldfine affair began as it ended, on an unhappy note. Brought to Washington as counsel for the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, Bernard Schwartz shot off charges and dropped innuendoes right and left, and was promptly—and, in our opinion, quite justifiably—dropped from his new post. Then members of the Subcommittee proceeded to conduct themselves in a manner quite as irresponsible as that which cost Mr. Schwartz his job in the first place.

Is this to say, though, that Mr. Adams was blameless? Is he another martyr to Congressional irresponsibility? We think not, taking Governor Adams' conduct at his own valuation.

Mr. Adams accepted from an industrialist embroiled with various governmental agencies hospitality for which the bill ran to thousands of dollars. In doing so, he was clearly guilty, by his own admission, of a serious error in judgment. Given the nature of his position and the responsibility he exercised, this failure in judgment cannot be dismissed as "mere" imprudence; in a post like that held by Mr. Adams, imprudence can be just as fatal as dishonesty. How the normally cautious Sherman Adams could have made such a serious misstep is still hard to imagine. But make it he did, and this was the first big mistake.

The second mistake, almost as serious, was made by those who imagined that Sherman Adams could somehow ride out the storm and retain his post. Consider the situation. The first Eisenhower campaign stressed charges of moral laxity against certain figures in the Truman Administration. Republican campaigners in 1952 and 1956 capitalized on every Democratic abuse, and G.O.P. speeches were sprinkled with references to the mink coats and deep freezes accepted by Democratic officials. "Clean as a hound's tooth" was a Republican slogan, and both before and after his election Mr. Eisenhower assured the people that he would tolerate no irregularities in his Administration.

THEN CAME the Goldfine debacle. There have been far worse scandals, but this one was compounded by two facts.

For one thing, because of Mr. Eisenhower's temperament and then his illnesses, Mr. Adams wielded power in Washington on a scale previously unknown by any Assistant to the President. For another, Mr. Adams commanded public respect precisely because of his conspicuous devotion to such puritan virtues as hard work and long hours. To the public he had become a symbol for flinty, New England-style moral rigor. In this role he was a definite political asset to the Eisenhower regime, but when the story of his accepting thousands of dollars in hospitality in various hotels finally broke, the previous public image of Governor Adams made the shock all the greater.

Once Mr. Adams was forced to admit that he did enjoy Mr. Goldfine's favors, error was multiplied. Did the President follow his previous pattern of conduct in such matters? Did he regretfully say that Mr. Adams had committed no crime, but that his admitted imprudence and lack of judgment meant that he would have to leave the Administration? The President might have been expected to do exactly that, but he did not.

Without defending Mr. Adams' judgment, the

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President simply said that he liked, respected, and, above all, needed Sherman Adams; he would not ask for his resignation. In other words, conduct which would have cost the job of any White House secretary was to be overlooked in the case of the Assistant to the President.

One can sympathize with Mr. Eisenhower in this matter. He has suffered two major illnesses, and he cannot spend sixteen hours a day at his work. Mr. Adams has always been his right hand, and on occasion much more than that. It is no wonder Mr. Eisenhower tried to keep him. But, practically speaking, it should have been obvious from the first that this course was impossible For once the Goldfine disclosures were made, Sherman Adams became a major political liability the Republican Party could not afford.

Despite the President's plea for Mr. Adams' retention, leading figures in the G.O.P. began publicly to call for his resignation. Still Sherman Adams hung on, and the President was silent, hoping for the best. Then came Maine and disaster: a Democratic sweep unparalleled in modern times. And leading the parade of disaster was a Republican candidate who had also benefited from Goldfine favors. This was just too much, and a poll of Republican chairmen after the Maine elections was reported to have produced a unanimous verdict: Adams must go. And so, at last, Sherman Adams packed his bags.

There is in all this, of course, a good measure of sadness. For a public servant with so many years of service to leave the government under such circumstances is a tragic thing. And yet it must be said that much of the current debate as to who pushed Sherman Adams over the brink, the Democrats or the Republicans, is beside the point. Sherman Adams broke no law that we know of, but by his own admission he was guilty of a massive failure in judgment, the disclosure of which made it impossible for him to carry out the duties of his office. He alone, therefore, and not his Democratic or Republican critics, must bear the responsibility for his exit from the White House. The only strange thing about the Adams resignation is that it was so slow in coming.

GIFT FROM THE BLUE

THERE MUST be moments in the last few weeks before Election Day when the strains of campaigning in many states seem almost unendurable. Experienced candidates know better than to bank too much on the warmth manifested locally. For many candidates the meeting of campaign expenses adds to the burden. Much as aspirants to political office tend to be out-going in temperament, it often takes something extraordinary at this stage of the grind to lift their spirits.

Recently, at least three Congressmen seeking reelection have received an unexpected boon that should win them more votes than many eloquent campaign speeches: Charles O. Porter of Oregon (Democrat) and Charles B. Brownson of Indiana and Alvin M. Bentley of Michigan (Republicans). Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo of Trujillo City, Dominican Republic, has announced that he dislikes them and that this fall he will actively oppose their reelection.

THE DIMENSIONS OF DEVELOPMENT

EXPERIENCE in the past decade under all sorts of conditions in many climes has been extensive enough to suggest a general pattern for the development programs needed by peoples emerging from long years of colonial status and dependency. In certain of these lands there is a special urgency about increasing human productivity; unless this gets under way soon starvation is literally in prospect. In virtually all the achievement of industrialization has a psychological importance scarcely inferior to the attainment of political independence. The over-all need is brought home repeatedly by such instances as Mr. Eisenhower's recent imposing of zinc and lead import quotas that will cost the one-sided and undeveloped economies of Mexico and Peru dear.

There have been a number of incidents, too, that show that direct American aid is hardly the best approach. Recipient countries have had reason to fear that grants and loans by the United States tend to increase their political and economic dependence. And there is always a strong temptation for political leaders to play off Russia against the United States.

An International Development Authority of the type suggested by Commander Sir Robert Jackson in this month's *Foreign Affairs* would obviate many of these weaknesses. The sums required of the United States would hardly be reduced by changing from direct foreign aid to participation in such an international program; they would actually have to be increased if the projects envisaged are to be on a sufficiently extensive scale. But if all industrialized nations were to assume a due share, the in-

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ternational character of the program would make acceptance of aid far less demeaning.

Experience shows that "the provision of transportation, ports and power is a precondition of further growth and for developing private investment in most emergent territories." The building of such essential facilities obviously involves great sums and considerable technical assistance. Commander Jackson concludes: "This problem will never be resolved until the majority of people in the West are ready to answer strongly and affirmatively when that most fundamental of all questions is asked: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Here is the test . . . of our conscience, of our innermost belief in the usefulness of our own lives."

THE FIFTH REPUBLIC

THE RETURNS are in and Premier Charles de Gaulle has triumphed beyond the fears of his most severe critics and the hopes of his warmest admirers. The new Constitution, designed to create a stable Government, has been approved by an overwhelming majority of the voters. The prestige which was de Gaulle's when he acceded to leadership, which has been tested and threatened by continuing strife and warfare, has now been immeasurably enhanced. For, although the votes were cast on the basis of a new Constitution, there can be no doubt that the victory was a personal one for the General. Most of the people, as the Moslem women said, "voted for peace" or "voted for de Gaulle."

But grave difficulties remain. When de Gaulle came to power, we wrote that "if his messianic role in the history of France is to have any meaning, he must somehow placate and unite those who are bitterly opposed on the question of Algeria; he must reform and strengthen the Constitution; and he must leave the Republic restored and intact. These are great assignments and they involve serious dangers."

The Constitution has been reformed and much strengthened, and, after such an overwhelming endorsement, de Gaulle is in a much better position to act on the Algerian crisis.

The Constitution itself, of course, remains to be tested. Many of the debates which raged over several of the articles were necessarily abstract and remote, turning as they did on large suppositions concerning their actual implementation and the nature of the President who would be empowered by them. But the outlook now is obviously more promising than forbidding. The vote for the Constitution indicated large confidence in de Gaulle, a desire to avoid the near-anarchical aspects of the Fourth Republic, an encouraging consensus in Algeria, and a marked defeat for the powerful Communist Party in France.

All of this puts the French President, who will certainly be de Gaulle, in a position to restore the Republic, to return France to a place of responsible leadership. Temptations and dangers remain, but they do not remain the same. The prospects for France—and Algeria—are markedly better than they were when de Gaulle came to power.

NIXON AND THE PEOPLE

FOR QUITE a long while now, Vice-President Nixon has been confounding his enemies by taking almost irreproachable positions on one public issue after another. His responses to the anti-United States demonstrations in Latin America, the shock of the sputniks, the battle over foreign aid and, especially, the crisis over civil rights and race relations have won him plaudits both from his loyal supporters and, somewhat grudgingly, from the severest critics of his past performances. It looked as though Mr. Nixon would never make a mistake —at least not in his chosen calling of Presidential candidate. But that was yesterday.

In the short space of a few weeks' time, the Vice-President has managed to bring down upon his head two hornet's nests, one small and one large. Mr. Nixon's recent speech before the Harvard Business School Association put forth some highly controversial proposals for national tax reform. Taxes on the highest income brackets should be reduced, said Mr. Nixon, as should corporation taxes, and the tax money made up by a national manufacturers' excise tax. This kind of talk is hardly likely to please all the people, and it didn't. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., for instance, denounced the Vice-President for seeking to revive a "bribe-the-rich," "trickle-down" theory of taxation.

More recently, Mr. Nixon voiced his shocked disapproval of a State Department "subordinate" who was guilty of deliberate "sabotage" in revealing that the mail received in the Quemoy crisis was eighty per cent opposed to the Administration's stand. Criticizing public officials who are swayed by "the weight of the mail rather than the weight of the evidence," the Vice-President dismissed the opinions of those who write letters to government officials. Such people, he thought, are not as fully

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informed as Administration policy-makers and are likely to be misled by their meager knowledge.

Such easy rejection of the importance of public opinion in a democratic government is at best a strange attitude for this experienced politician to take. Worse, it suggests a basic lack of understanding of the democratic process. Worst of all, perhaps, because the danger is more immediate, it indicates a refusal by the Administration to recognize the gravity of current policy misgivings.

Mr. Nixon cited Congressional mail opposing the Truman Doctrine for combating Communism in Greece and Turkey and opposing foreign aid. Comparing the criticism of the present Administration's brink-of-war position on Quemoy to such "random letters," he said that government leaders must "make a decision" and then "develop support for that decision among the people by making the facts known to them." And here the Vice-President was guilty of a false comparison and of ignoring and distorting facts.

Our Administration's belligerence over the offshore islands is being criticized not by "random" letter-writers, but by the governments of most of the world, by many distinguished and highly responsible public figures, by many of the best-informed and consistently responsible commentators —and also by a great many ordinary citizens. Furthermore, the Administration has already presented its facts to "develop support" for its decision, and the facts were immediately countered and rejected. Its only subsequent attempt to "develop support" has been through news blackouts, dogged iteration of its determination, and suggestions that anyone who disagrees is an "appeaser" or even a "saboteur." The Vice-President's argument is arrogant and unfair. It intensifies our anxieties over the responsibility of the Eisenhower Administration in the present critical situation. And it revives our past apprehensions about Candidate Richard Nixon.

AN EDITORIAL CAUTION

THERE APPEARED recently in the *National Review,* a journal which is pleased to call itself conservative, an editorial comment that deserves, we think, some consideration. Directing attention to the fact that many bishops and priests have opposed "right-to-work" legislation and—worse yet—that some of these bishops and priests assert that a moral issue is involved, the editorial said that those who opposed the legislation on moral grounds were making a big mistake "not merely because we feel that the moral argument points the other way but because the glib and opportunistic use of the moral sanction has the effect of undermining the authority of religious institutions in matters over which they have legitimate authority."

And further, the journal told its readers that "the moment a bishop succumbs to the temptation of vesting transient passions with moral meaning, he forwards the secularist compulsion to submit to majority rule on questions over which the majority has nothing conclusive to say."

There are many things one could say about this interesting passage, but recalling from the recent political past "transient passions" which many conservatives were wont to invest with "moral meaning," one wonders if the stricture here is directed only at bishops? or if the moral argument invoked by bishops is sound and compelling when it confirms one's own opinions and "glib and opportunistic" when it is in opposition? Or is there some additional factor which is completely left out of the argument presented here? Whatever the case, we intend to file this editorial caution, for the time will undoubtedly come when some conservatives will need to be reminded of this conservative argument

BATTLE OF THE SEXES

THE PICTURE of grim-faced young women carrying placards and shouting slogans about equality between the sexes is likely to seem, in English-speaking lands at least, a tableau out of the distant past. But not at all, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Bognor Regis, England. Just such a demonstration occurred there very recently, with the militant young ladies marching sublimely through a standard barrage of hoots, jeers and tossed firecrackers.

What was not standard in the affair, however, was the fact that an equal footing with men, the time in the realm of education, was precisely what the girls were protesting. Seems that the Sussex County Council had announced plans to merge the Bognor Regis Boys School and the B. R. Girls School, and the young women involved thought co-educational training so inferior as to be resisted at all costs. "Co-education means no-education" was the disdainful judgment proclaimed on the banners.

We'd heard Colonel Blimp lament the passing of the old ways, but we had no idea that things had gone this far. Is it complacency to say that it can't happen here?

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Architecture at Mid-Century

Are we human beings of such staunch stuff that we can suffer unharmed such harsh relationships as are presented by modern architecture?

by EDWARD T. CHASE

CONSIDERING THAT the most pervasive and enduring aesthetic stimulus of all is our architectural environment, it is a matter of some mport that the country is about to double roughly the upply of its buildings within the next decade and is off on a construction boom that may see 1958 a record uilding year, with the promise of further records in ach succeeding year.

The aesthetic significance of this is of immediate oncern. There are other significances of the construcion boom—the economic, the social—and indeed all hree aspects interrelate. But because of the *rapidity* f this vast physical change, in effect a whole new struc- ural environment within our lifetime, it is particu- arly important to realize what architecture, engineer- ng, planners, designers and government are preparing or our senses and our minds.

What is at stake here is the quality of our surround- ngs. It is whether as a people we may be sustained nd even uplifted by their beauty as well as their echanical effectiveness, or whether we will suffer the uiet but debilitating spiritual loss that ugliness, dis- rder or drabness perpetrate. Many feel the battle already lost. But Douglas Haskell, the dean of archi- ctural editors, feels we are on the threshold of a new rchitectural era born of a felicitous *rapprochment* etween modern architecture and popular taste. Frank loyd Wright recently told a London *Times* interviewer at America is a vast civilization with no culture be- ause it has no indigenous architecture (aside from water closets, wash-bowls and radiators") but that mericans for the first time are waking up to the im- ortance of architecture—his "organic" architecture, of ourse. *Life* magazine is embarked on a long series of chitectural features with the dubious proposition that better homes are possible in wide price ranges if buyers will only demand them of the big development builders.

There is a fantastic ferment of interest in city planning, land use, housing and urban rehabilitation. In America all this focuses on the city, or rather the metropolitan area. For by our headstrong addiction to the city we are now producing a new giant metropolis unknown in all previous history. Too often it consists of an old and decaying central core surrounded by a vast, proliferating, semi-suburban growth largely undifferentiated from the city proper and tending to elide with other metropolitan areas.

I am afraid that for the most part architecture as a profession and discipline, will not, alas, shape this environment. Important though its role will be, architecture is confronted with a demoralizing prospect, not of its own doing nor susceptible to control by its own circumscribed skills. The prospect is of a continuing diminishment in the architect's power. This summer at the American Institute of Architecture's annual meeting, the key speakers expressed a surprisingly unanimous sense of their weakened role in the determination of American building, let alone the structural destiny of our rebuilt, expanding cities. There was a note of desperation in this.

EVEN IF THE minute supply of architects—some 22,000 are now licensed, with only perhaps half this number doing any sizable business at all—were all Leonardos, they could hardly be expected to cope with the forces that prevail in American building today. This is not so much because the architect is not really involved in more than a fraction of our total structures but rather because of the omnipotence of other determinants of our environment: the tyranny of the automobile, with its cancerous effects of congestion

r. Chase, who is a frequent contributor, has written extensively on art d architecture.

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and pollution; the expansionist pressure of the population boom, further intensified by the trend toward urbanism; and the depredations of mass culture prevading every situation of taste and implemented by mass production of the materials with which we build. (Eighty per cent of the million homes built each year are mass-produced, tract houses.)

It is the giant dimensions of these forces that are bewildering for us, altering the texture of our environment month in month out, largely unchecked, for what organized force can prevail against such immense imponderables? The hallowed notions of town planning in the British "new towns" tradition (truly towns, 50,000 people or less) are absurdly inadequate to forces of such dimensions. And zoning becomes an irrelevant reflex action, overwhelmed by the gargantuan scale of these changes. The architect, the planner, even the builder and realtor (who play much more dominant roles) are not likely to maintain or improve the amenities of our environment in the face of these forces. For the crucial need, when a whole people is in a ferment of change, is that the people themselves, or at least their specialists, have standards of aesthetic judgment deriving from some accepted principles and some degree of sophistication. Some particular examples will make this clear.

An important symposium on the future of the city in the automotive age was held last fall in Hartford, important not only in its timing but because it introduced to each other many of the elite of the country's humanists, planners, and architects on the one hand, and the highway engineers and constructors on the other, of critical importance to one another, yet traditionally suspicious and usually uncomprehending of each other.

Yet this much deplored instance of non-communication was superficial compared with a more subtle but profound gulf gradually detectable at this symposium. The experts shared the same normative language—a "good" plan, a "fine" highway, Detroit is doing a "magnificent" job—but the uncomfortable impression grew that the engineers meant one thing by these terms and the planner-architects quite another, with further ambiguities in each camp (some for a city texture of suburban-like dispersion, others zealous for intensive contact). For in truth there was no common notion of what constituted a good city; or the basic function of the highway; or whether a bit of the country in the city was good or ill. More broadly still, the question begged was what we should expect of our cities and what the urban life should consist of. The meeting closed with the engineers on an aggressive defensive about the splendors of the modern superhighway *per se,* and the planners seemingly uncertain whether they liked the city after all or whether they were not really nostalgic for a remembered pastoral life.

SUCH CONFUSIONS were evident on a more humble scale at a recent town meeting in a small country village. Here the issue was whether to convert a tract of property in the village's midst into a large parking lot, involving the elimination of one or two valuable residential properties, or to endure substantial main street congestion. Unfortunately, it was when the experts' testimony took over that least light prevailed. A humble housewife pointed out that the proposed parking lot would be across the main street from the two supermarkets, thereby producing a flow of pedestrian traffic pushing grocery carts across the busiest section of the main street. This commonsensical caution was wonderfully fumbled by the expert: he asserted his studies were concerned with *vehicular* traffic; this pedestrian nightmare presented another factor beyond the competence of his analysis. Next question please.

What should have been established beyond all else at this meeting was never really confronted—namely, how commercial the majority wished the village to become, or, put the other way around, at what point would it be best to stabilize the commercial growth of what is after all fundamentally a rural resort town, not a business center. This involved an image of what the town should be at its best, and it required the modicum of sophistication about such matters that tells us that increased automotive facilities such as large, free parking lots invariably tend to produce irreversible expansion. How best and when to call a stop to this is the challenge.

The curious thing was that even those (the majority) who had every reason to deplore commercial expansion, awed, apparently, by the American axiom that what's good for business must be good for all, could not bring themselves to express the notion of a stabilized village, with orderly, limited growth guided by principle rather than by the drives of a handful of local pecuniary interests.

The ignorance of objectives revealed at this village meeting is at some distance from the English achievement represented by the celebrated Barlow Commission Report (The Royal Commission on the Distribution of the Industrial Population) of nearly twenty years ago, which advanced the hitherto heretical notion that uninhibited, aimless growth was not necessarily progress, but injurious not only aesthetically and socially but even for business. This simple but revolutionary conclusion on London's situation led later on to the establishment of England's famous fourteen new towns and was a landmark in the evolution of urban planning. The United States, with far tougher problems, is years behind England in its approach to the problems of urban growth (as Peter Self's recent and excellent *Cities in Flood* demonstrates).

Now the relevance of all this to modern architecture

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is extreme. The City as an architectural experience is shaped in its grand proportions, in the texture of its life, by these powerful extraneous forces—planning and, more often, its absence, plus gross confusion and misunderstanding by the public; major construction programs working at cross purposes; chain-reactions such as the decay of downtown from automotive congestion, the consequent weakening of mass transit finances, the flight *from* the city to one-class suburbs, the flight *to* the moribund and overcrowded city core of the rootless and the economically depressed; the consequent demoralization of neighborhoods, including such institutions as public schools; the losing slum battle; the unpleasant social and aesthetic effects of grimly institutional public housing; and so on.

RECOGNIZING that this is the challenging, not to say forbidding, context in which most of our architecture must work, how should we evaluate it? What are its accomplishments and where is it heading? In view of the many striking buildings in the modern style, the accomplishments have been impressive; and if it is true that many critics (especially the British) have characterized our environment as depressing and ugly, the cause must be sought in the shaping conditions rather than assigned to the architect. In the last three decades American practice has become the dominant force in the modern architectural movement. This might be described as the articulation in architecture of our industrial genius, our unmatched technical facility, which has brilliantly exploited the new resources of science and the machine to create a wholly new architectural style.

The transplanted European masters have played a potent role in this, of course, and are an integral part of the American architectural scene. One thinks, naturally, of men such as Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Walter Gropius, R. M. Schindler, Marcel Breuer and Richard Neutra. We cannot claim Le Corbusier but we have, besides the immense, unique genius of Frank Lloyd Wright, also Wallace Harrison, Buckminster Fuller, Philip Johnson, Gordon Bunshaft, Minoru Yamasaki, Paul Rudolph, I. M. Pei, Edward D. Stone, Vernon DeMars, Eero Saarinen, Robert Anshen, Harwell Harris and a number of less celebrated younger men. These are the creative leaders today.

Regardless of our private reservations on the merits of modern design, we confront the reality of impressive, wonderfully effective, distinctive buildings created by these gifted leaders of the movement. There can be no easy dismissal of their work. Consider ten random choices of such public buildings as these, all widely publicized, that we are inclined to take so casually, even diffidently: General Motors' Technical Center (Saarinen); Lever House (Bunshaft); Seagram Building (Ludwig Mies); RCA Building (Harrison); St. Louis Airport (Yamasaki); M.I.T. Chapel and Auditorium (Saarinen); Wayne University Conference Center (Yamasaki); Air Force Academy (Skidmore, Owings & Merrill); American Pavilion, Brussels Fair (Stone); Connecticut General Life Insurance Company headquarters (Bunshaft). Surely they summon to mind a strong new style as contemporary as hi-fi and as pervasive in our environment as television.

Yet even as we concede, as I think we must, the distinction of such outstanding examples of the modern movement, we must also question the adequacy of this general modern style to the true purposes of architecture. The crucial condition of architecture as one of the major arts is that, beyond all the other arts, it is a *social* art. Hence our resentment of such precious formulations as "the duty of the architect is to express the structure itself" (as the abstract painter limits his concern to the mystical dictates of his materials themselves, with no external references) and the years of shopworn claptrap about functionalism. The roots of architecture remain man's need for protection for himself and his possessions from the elements, and his need for buildings in which to work and to join with his kind in the pursuit of various social ends, both private and communal. Architecture stands apart from the other arts in the degree to which it expresses human needs that are social: buildings, from churches, factories and offices to private residences, are designed to house social activity. Thus the architectural quality of a building is proportionate to its *expression of its social function.* The engineering skill which resolves the utilitarian problems of these social functions is essential to architecture. And no architecture has integrity unless it makes full use of the expressive potential of its building materials and its engineering forms. But engineering skill is not sufficient in itself ever to ensure architectural beauty or distinction.

Thus the sense of malaise with which we confront so much of modern housing, with its phony utilitarian, functional claims but its fundamental inadequacy to the requirement of the full domestic life. Thus, too, our admiration and joy in contemplating Ludwig Mies's magnificent new Seagram building because its austerity derives from careful craftsmanship and an exquisite sense of pure style, not the usual unimaginative hewing to misunderstood bromides about functionalism.

YET EVEN in the presence of such a master-work the question persists as to the merit of this great modern style. Are we human beings of such staunch stuff that we can suffer unharmed such harsh antithetical relationships as are presented by modern architecture—the stark patterns of ninety-degree angles; the impenetrable, unchanging and silent facades of cruel smooth steel and glass; the monotony of geometric forms in simple repetition coldly applied to any site,

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anonymous, interchangeable, indifferent to the indigenous, the tasteless, often ugly exploitation of new synthetic materials in juke-box fashion; and the trivial "functional" gimmicks tendered us apologetically as ameliorations of these machine-engineered structures. So it is that "to express the structure itself" is to describe a dead-end aesthetic, a doctrine nullifying what must be expressed by architecture, namely the social function of the building, for the latter is what critics of the modern are laboring to say when they decry the "absence of human values." Surely the state of modern architecture parallels the dominance in painting today of the non-objective, abstract expressionist and action painters and the similarity in style is not fortuitous but reflects the common struggle of mid-twentieth century artists to create new aesthetic forms with which to control and thereby express the reality of their new experiences.

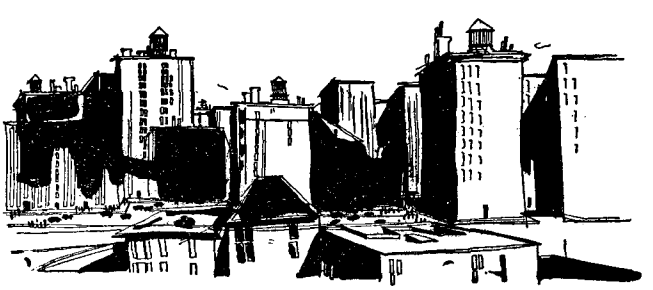
The perceptive sensibilities in architectural criticism, Douglas Haskell, Lewis Mumford, and the less well known Jane Jacobs, among others, have not only been acute in citing the deficiencies in our building and our planning; they seem to me quite independently of one another to be now detecting the elements that make up a transformation in the modern style. This is not the same thing as *creating* a new style, however, and the eternal mystery of the arts remains inscrutable. We can only await creativity's appearance.

Meanwhile, Mr. Haskell has boldly pronounced the new style as one which is striving to adapt design to this new era of popular mass consumption—just as, earlier, architects had to adapt their design to machine production and the industrial revolution. Haskell sees architects such as Yamasaki, Stone, Vernon DeMars, Saarinen and Paul Rudolph responding to popular distaste for the older "functional" modern by introducing romantic, decorative elements, often quite dramatic and even symbolic (Saarinen's T.W.A. terminal), plus what Haskell calls the jazz approach, a spirit of improvisation in design and the use of new materials and construction techniques. The underlying social change responsible for all this, writes Haskell, is the shift in America from an essentially production-minded society to a consumption-minded society. (We get echoes of this in Riesman, W. H. Whyte, Jr. and J. K. Galbraith.) From this Haskell foresees our gaining a great new popular architecture.

MR. MUMFORD, back from his sojourn abroad, has reported a European alienation from the stereotyped functional modern of the last several decades, and he cites not only Le Corbusier's famous Ronchamp chapel but interesting work in London and Italy, including a return to stone facing in place of steel, glass and plastic. The departures he observed from the unrelieved utilitarian style of the twenties and thirties and at the same time from the formalism of the Mies van der Rohe school prompted Mumford to declare: "What modern architecture needs if it is to achieve the richness of form its earlier machine-minded program denied is a matching and molding of formal order, physical functions, and human feelings, both within and without, which means arranging *all* the mechanical, biological, social and personal aspects of a building in the rank of their importance and significance for the human purpose in mind." This is a mouthful, but need we settle for less?

Miss Jacobs approaches the problem as one mortally suspicious of planners and theorists. Her inquiry is always concrete, always the empirical questioning of what kind of emotional life our architects and planners produce. She brilliantly indicts the planner for working from the unit of the block with his block maps, unmindful of the reality of the street, for it is the street with its teeming, manifold activities that fixes the character of the block and which unifies a neighborhood, not divides it, as the planners with their block-plan approach erroneously believe. She has made clear to us the things that really create the living texture of the city, the decisive contributions of such accidental institutions as the corner candy store and the dead hand of nearly all our asylum-like housing developments, so often creating ghettos hardly superior to the slums they replace. However, in the imaginative plans of Victor Gruen (for Fort Worth) and elsewhere she sees the beginnings of a new approach to planning that once again suggests the strivings among the younger architects and planners to develop means more expressive of man's true needs.

These developments are heartening, but because of the magnitude of the forces shaping our environment the prospect of better cities and better housing is an alarmingly long way off. Perhaps we can shorten the time, somewhat, by getting in a blow for our side here and there, at village meetings, at the polls, and when we choose our homes and décor, but first of all we must try to understand what's occurring and what *our* side is, namely the human versus the mindless material. Nowadays the price of the good environment, like other good things, is eternal vigilance, at least as much as choosing the right architect. As of today, his is a rear guard action.



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The rediscovery of diplomacy is partly due to the growing consciousness of international responsibility

The New Diplomacy

by CHARLES P. O'DONNELL

DIPLOMACY, almost everyone agrees, is important. What the United States says or does in the conduct of its foreign relations, and what it fails to say or do, affects millions of people, Americans and others—directly and substantially. From a world point of view, and as long as abuses of the veto continue to derogate the authority of the United Nations, and other difficulties continue to affect the power and prestige of international organizations, diplomacy is the only effective means of communication between the governments of the world.

Since these facts are more or less well known to observers of world affairs, one wonders why diplomacy has only recently been given more popular attention. In many democratic countries diplomats have been regarded with suspicion and their "machinations" have appeared to be those of an élite whose interests were not clearly identifiable with the interests of the nation. Diplomacy, moreover, has been popularly associated with double-dealing and duplicity. This is caricature, of course, but as long as it is believed, it will hamper effective official relations among nations.

The relatively recent rediscovery of diplomacy in America is partly due to the growing consciousness of international responsibility. The menace of nuclear bombs and of Soviet power has impressed American citizens and their counterparts in the Western nations with the importance of foreign affairs and with the need to do something about it.

Diplomacy "in the old style" was a technique of communication between nations administered by a tiny community of persons called Ambassadors or Envoys Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, living for the most part in the major capitals of the world. Diplomacy was identified with a gentlemanlike desire on the part of nations jealous of their sovereignty to maintain dignified but minimal relations with one another. That such diplomacy appears to have been successful in the nineteenth century, as evidenced by the absence of major wars, may be attributed to the equilibrium of power in Western Europe and the dominance of the liberal ideal. Historians of the future will be able to decide whether the world wars of the twentieth century were or were not the unintended and unwanted product of the nineteenth century and its diplomacy.

Nowadays, diplomacy has developed new forms with which to meet the day-to-day problems of our age. Chiefs of state hold summit conferences, foreign ministers below-summit conferences; many foreign ministers have taken on additional duties and roam outside their domestic jurisdictions; ambassadorial assignments to special international or regional organizations and to ad hoc negotiations have multiplied. And at each new meeting these super-Ambassadors are attended by a large staff of advisers. Diplomacy has become a big business. The American Foreign Service, for example, now employs upwards of fifteen thousand persons in the field, whereas the same service included only about three thousand people in 1929.

Few nations match the United States in the size of its missions abroad, but our Embassies are sometimes dwarfed by various separate economic and military staffs and informational services. All of these groups qualify as diplomatic establishments to the extent that they represent the United States abroad and under the direction of the Ambassador carry on important functions in these countries. They engage in negotiations, dispense information and money, administer cultural and exchange programs, provide technical services to foreign governments and citizens, and serve as advisers on innumerable specialized subjects.

THE NEW DIPLOMACY has strengthened and broadened the work of the United Nations and other international and regional organizations, but for those who want one world quickly, progress has been tantalizingly slow. The diplomatic performances of the United Nations are newsworthy but still too few, and the prospects for an increase in its responsibilities in the near future do not seem especially bright. Because of excessive use of the veto, the United Nations has not been able to play the role envisaged by its charter, and while the role and scope of regional organizations are ever broadening, basic differences between the Communist and free world restrict the horizons of international organizations. Nonetheless, there is a strong

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current of opinion which would like to see the diplomacy of the Western nations directed more actively and surely toward encouraging and organizing the widespread feeling for interdependence and greater international solidarity.

The new dimensions of diplomacy, however, especially of American diplomacy, cannot be understood without reference to the role of legislative bodies and of public opinion. In the past twenty years Congress has taken an increasingly large part in foreign policy affairs. Not only does Congress appropriate money for the salaries and operations of the Department of State and its personnel abroad, but it also provides the billions spent by other agencies operated abroad as part of the United States Mission. Congress wants to know why this money is needed and how it should be spent. But control of the purse is only one of the interests of Congress in foreign affairs. Congressional debates, reports, resolutions and statutes related to foreign affairs have all become an integral part of the formulation of American foreign policy.

The role of the President in foreign affairs and that of agencies appointed by him to deal with them are well known, as are the vastly expanded responsibilities laid on them in recent years. But it is difficult to assess the role of public opinion in foreign policy and diplomacy. Public opinion can hardly be wise in all the details of foreign affairs, and a nation's diplomatic service, when well organized, can possess that kind of wisdom. And public opinion often expresses itself in discontents and dissatisfactions. When aroused, however, it is sensitive to the trend of world affairs and is capable of formulating broad and influential views on the rightness of things. It is at his peril that the diplomat ignores public opinion.

To my mind, the most important fact about public opinion in the world today is the consciousness and willingness of public opinion to move toward peaceful solutions of diplomatic problems and to favor the promotion of the well-being of peoples. I believe that public opinion is more inclined to these dispositions than at any other time in history. Part of the effectiveness of Communist propaganda in Western Europe, where Communists are fortunate enough not to live under Communist regimes, lies in the ability of the Party to promise peace and prosperity. Thus the enemies of a good society command the loyalty of people for objectives which are those of the democracies. How to regain this stolen heritage is one of the principal challenges to Western diplomacy.

IN THE UNITED STATES, one of the most striking evidences of the importance attached by our contemporaries to diplomacy and world affairs can be seen in the abundance of university programs, private group studies, seminars and round-table discussions devoted to international problems. The literature produced by these groups contributes significantly to the citizens' knowledge of diplomacy and to the official's understanding of his own problems and possible solutions. The abundant good sense, public conscientiousness and remarkable insight of many of these studies is a tribute to American capacity to study international responsibilities in a deliberate way often denied to many officials directly involved in foreign affairs.

The most important single aspect of the new diplomacy concerns precisely the questions mooted by private groups—namely, the basic issues of foreign policy and their means of accomplishment. The appropriate machinery, financing, personnel and procedures of diplomacy all are of considerable consequence in the realization of a sound diplomacy, but in this nuclear age diplomacy is above everything a question of the fundamentals of policy and of the means of applying policy to the world situation.

To speak as positively as one can on the undogmatic subject of diplomacy, the success of the new diplomacy can be better measured by its approximation to the long-run objectives it strives for than by its short-run successes and its ability to meet immediate situations. The great emphasis on short-run successes produces the feeling that diplomacy depends on winning a series of battles and is at bottom indifferent to creating conditions of peace and well-being. One reason for the temptation of diplomats (and of the world in general) to put great stock in day-to-day successes is that timing is so much the essence of diplomacy that each individual failure seems to portend a diplomatic or even a national collapse; individual successes, on the other hand, seem to assure a great national triumph. The sure test of proper timing in diplomatic affairs consists in knowing whether relations among nations are moving toward real goals consistent with human values and in giving appropriate emphasis to those elements of policy which have a chance for success.

There is an important and unexplored connection between prudence (that old-fashioned word which means good judgment) and diplomacy. If the old-style diplomacy sinned against its own good judgment by insisting too much on privacy in diplomatic discussions, the contemporary version of diplomacy has been tempted too often to confuse diplomacy and propaganda techniques for winning popular support. Prudence or good judgment suggests that in our democratic society we need to explain our diplomatic objectives so that what we are trying to do is understood by other nations and by the public. The Communists have often turned this principle to their own uses and advantage. Nonetheless, policy statements no matter how clear and clever cannot substitute for the excellence of the objectives themselves. We must remember that a simple declaration of policy is not the same

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thing as execution. This seems to be a Communist illusion—or desire to create an illusion.

The most difficult task of the new diplomacy consists in carrying out solid, realizable policies which by their nature have their effects in the future and often as not in the distant future. We are not going to satisfy this requirement by saying that we are for peace and prosperity, although the Russians seem to have been exceedingly capable of ringing the changes on these themes and offering them as a substitute for a world policy. We have got to find all the innumerable specifics which will make these broadest of objectives into consistent and cogent arrangements of foreign policy objectives.

It may be quite natural to ask at this point whether these prescriptions of policy are any different from what we in the United States are in fact doing diplomatically. I think that it can be said that by and large we do conceive of policy in terms of politico-moral objectives and of the means to achieve them as well as occupy ourselves with short-run situations. But what I think is important to do is continually to re-examine the fundamentals on which our policies rest so that we can have a better understanding of our own actions and so that we will not be tempted off our course in the pursuit of false gods.

THE MAIN POINT of departure of American diplomacy today is its appreciation of the fact that moral quality rather than technical efficiency (which is by no means excluded) is the most valued test of the merits of a durable foreign policy and thus a proper guide for the conduct of diplomacy. It is the moral quality of diplomacy which makes for peace and well-being; truth rather than propaganda. This quality does not in itself resolve specific problems—but it does show the direction specific policies need to take in order to be fruitful in the long run. The task of devising practical solutions to individual or day-to-day foreign policy issues is the office of diplomats qualified by experience and good judgment and guided by moral principles.

I realize that the mere mention of moral principles in foreign policy sends a long shudder through the frame of many respected citizens both at home and abroad. They identify the enunciation of moral principles with crusades, dogmatism, preventive war, unconditional surrender and any other type of foreign policy extremism. Moral principles are also associated with an attitude of arrogant indifference to the hard problems of diplomacy and with a lack of humility before the obvious abundance of our ignorance about ourselves and other nations and their various ways of reacting.

On the other hand, the denial of the relevance of morals to foreign policy has produced many contradictory results, including skepticism and indifference towards world affairs and policy plans ranging from Machiavellian schemes to Utopianism. The alternatives to the prudent application of moral principles to foreign policy leaves us worse off than we are.

I believe that the contemporary doubts about morals and foreign policy are based on a misunderstanding of moral principles, or on uncertainty as to their applicability. A few observations on this subject seem to be in order. The essentials of the relevant moral principles which are integral parts of a course of politics are readily summed up in the ideas of justice and charity. Foreign policy principles relevant to these ideas are those which have regard to such affairs as a just war, a just peace or charity among nations. These words are no more magical than the term freedom. Those who understand how real is the ideal of freedom when translated into law and custom should have no essential difficulty in accepting the idea that justice as applied to foreign policy can serve as a gauge of what we can do in our relations with other countries. The immense amounts of economic aid given by the United States to other nations certainly bear the stamp of charity, which in the language of contemporary liberalism stands for enlightened self-interest. The problem of diplomacy consists in refining and adapting these political principles to the actual situations which arise in our world.

The new diplomacy has a great challenge before it. Foreign policies however morally grounded are not absolutes, for nations will come to an end with the finish of history. Diplomacy can therefore ally itself with whatever is best in the world consistent with moral principles. These principles are the monopoly of no nation but a treasure accessible to all.

SNIPER

Enemy
I have you in my sight
Where you meander
Unmindful of me
Among the bodies
Whose blood was my delight.

You look in my direction
Without surprise.
I am your brother
With the homesick eyes.

When I have struck you
I shall kiss my weapon
And without a sound
Will stoop and watch your lips
Against the ground.

PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE.

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West Indians are rejoicing
in their newly accomplished Federation

Steps Toward Independence

by JOHN FIGUEROA

THE VARIOUS Crown Colonies of the British West Indies have at last been formally federated into a single country, to be known henceforth as The West Indies. This country—if one may so term a sprawling group of islands which are separated in some cases by a thousand miles of the Caribbean Sea—remains a dependency within the British Empire, not expecting to advance even to Dominion status for another five or ten years. Nevertheless, West Indians are rejoicing in their newly accomplished federation as a vital step in the achievement of full independence.

Proclamation of the new federation brought the expected round of celebrations. At Port of Spain, the capital city, there was a Royal Garden Party, with Princess Margaret as an honored guest, and art exhibitions, plays and dances from all the islands. One of the main attractions was Derek Walcott's epic drama "Drums and Colours," which depicted the history of the islands since the days of Columbus. Columbus in chains, Raleigh in search of El Dorado, Jews fleeing from persecution in Europe, slaves and slave traders, ministers of religion, British redcoats, French landowners, rebellion in Haiti and emancipation in the British territories—all these were brought back to life.

If there was a message to this pageant it was something like this: our islands were discovered by accident and developed by an incredible mixture of nationalities, races, classes and religious groups. And only now are we beginning to achieve the stability and sense of identity which will carry us to the national freedom desired by every people. But where do we go from here?

Not, we must insist, in the direction of Haiti. Walcott's drama showed the blood bath with which Haiti began, the treachery among the Haitians even as they fought to free themselves from the French, the fruits of racial hatred and of an eroded countryside. Some critics wondered why Walcott introduced Haiti into his celebration of British West Indian Federation, but he was quite right. Not only because Haitian slave rebellions had their repercussions throughout the area, but because every patriot of our new Federation and the people of every undeveloped area seeking civic freedom should study present-day Haiti. They should learn what outcome is possible when freedom is unprepared for, when the giving up of colonial status means not economic security for all, and civic freedom, but rather the changing of the foreign overlord for a native one.

BUT WHY is it that civic freedom in Haiti and Cuba has diminished after they "have gained their freedom," while conditions in the British West Indies, which has remained "colonial," have improved? Only an expert can give a full answer to this question, but perhaps an amateur, particularly a Jamaican amateur, can make a few enlightening suggestions.

First of all, let us not be unfair. Cuba is not exactly a poor place, and it has produced artists of a high order. Haiti, too, boasts its Jean Brierre and other poets of note. And Jamaica and the rest of the British West Indies, with the exception perhaps of Trinidad, are poor places indeed. Yet Jamaica has always been the beloved refuge of Haitians and Cubans fleeing the civic uncertainty and the bloody rebellions of their homelands. Why?

One of the reasons for the comparative stability of the poor British West Indies, undeniably, has been the presence of the British bayonet. Rebellion in Jamaica would have been rebellion against the imperial might of Great Britain; rebellion in Haiti and Cuba was rebellion against locals, who did not, as a rule, have great navies and armies to summon to their aid. It is partly because of this that the army in Cuba and Haiti has been all-important to any would-be ruler.

In the British territories the native agitator and the native statesman, fighting against the regime, had no sympathetic soldiers to call upon. The presence of a foreign army, perhaps deplorable on liberal grounds, certainly did contribute to the conditions in which peaceful growth could take place. Moreover, in the British territories another kind of army—the army of the unemployed—was used to demonstrate in a forceful, but necessarily bloodless manner, the plight of the islanders. World opinion would hardly have countenanced the taking of any violent steps against West

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Indians by British troops unless these steps could have been justified on the grounds of "keeping law and order." But world opinion either does not hear or does not concern itself with what Cuban and Haitian "police" find it necessary to do to their own people.

Of a different order from the force of the bayonet are those factors for stability which have sprung from the traditions of the British courts. The habeas corpus, the strict insistence on established procedures, the fact that legal irregularities would always have been complained of in the Mother Country, which was solicitous in these matters, have all contributed in the British territories to a respect for the law and for the workings of the courts. This tradition of respect for law rather than for person and the introduction and nurturing of a sound legal and judical system are probably the main contributions of the British in this area.

There are also the economic factors to be taken into account. Would it have been possible, for instance, for Jamaican sugar and bananas to have survived in the world market without Imperial Preference? And how can Haiti build up any sort of recovery until something on a vast scale is done about the brutal erosion of its hillsides?

ANOTHER of the problems of the whole area has been well exemplified by Haiti for some while, and will loom larger and larger in the recently formed Federal West Indies. It is the problem of education, to use a common word in a rather unusual sense. The problem of education here does not mean only the need to set up the usual primary and secondary schools and to dispel illiteracy and ignorance generally. It is something much more subtle and much larger than this.

The territories in the West Indies have borrowed European forms of government, and, paradoxically, the closer they have got to European forms of government, the more have they felt that they have freed themselves from European colonialism. But they have borrowed these forms of government—as they have every right to do—without realizing that the forms of government relate to certain economic and social structures and have sprung from certain moral, spiritual and religious ideas. The question arises whether the forms without the spirit and structures which nurtured them can function fruitfully, and the answer would seem to be that they cannot. Our problem of education, then, is this: how can this area so construct itself and nurture such spiritual, moral, and social ideals that the borrowed forms of government will be something more than empty rituals?

For instance, an underdeveloped country may borrow the ideal of universal adult suffrage but lack the resources and social structure which would enable a majority of its citizens to get some sort of education, to comprehend political questions well enough to vote for them with some degree of awareness. What happens in such a country? The politician soon realizes that his power rests upon the uninformed, and almost entirely uneducated, whims of a vast majority. What is he to do? In what terms can he communicate with his people, faced as he is with an electorate fifty per cent of whom cannot read at all and almost none of whom have had the experience which would enable them to understand either the implications of his policy or the significance of his language?

In this sort of situation, even the just man is tempted to call upon the army or powerful business people or powerful church elements to help him "do good." But whether his actions in calling upon such groups is justified or not, he has created a trauma within the democratic organism.

RECENTLY I saw a small school in Port au Prince being beleaguered by a small mob of ill-dressed and ragged citizens, making what appeared to me to be very threatening noises. When I asked what was happening, I was told that this was a group of citizens waiting for their candidate to appear. It was not meant that they were waiting for a political speech; they were waiting to receive the candidate's largesse.

Now I do not think the candidate or his constituents were, in the usual sense of the word, corrupt. Some politicians are corrupt, of course, and this one might have been, but the crowd waiting outside his door to receive their money is no proof, in his circumstances, that he is corrupt. It is merely proof that his constituents have a completely different concept of voting and the democratic process from the one held in Great Britain, the United States or even in Jamaica.

I am convinced that they look upon the action of voting as a sort of ritual performance which will guarantee that the man for whom they are voting will look after themselves and their interests *directly*. "Directly" is the operative word. Of course, we all expect some sort of benefit to accrue to us from voting one way or the other, but we do not expect the direct care and protection of our candidate. If we note that such a direct result is expected, we feel that the system is not working properly, is becoming corrupt.

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After a while, the beleaguered school teacher I referred to opened half of the wooden window and sprinkled some coins among the crowd, hastily closing the window as the people scrambled for the money. There was a demand for more, and when the politician opened the window and, in a rather sulky manner, sprinkled some more largesse, one of the crowd was heard to complain. "Last week you distributed only twenty-five dollars—you had better give us more today." Now twenty-five dollars a week is a great deal of money in Haiti and in most parts of the West Indies. How can a poor school teacher afford to distribute this much money weekly to his "clientele?" Obviously, he cannot. And the only way that he can stay in politics, in order, it may well be, to do the good things that he promised himself to do, is to enter into some corrupt practices whereby he can get money for distribution to his constituents.

The point of this story, as I see it, is once again not that these people are corrupt and wicked, but that they have not been weaned from a paternal system in which a planter or an overlord or a religious would "watch over them." They have not advanced from this system to the sort of impersonal relations which alone can ensure that the democratic forms which they have borrowed will function usefully.

In much the same way, the problem is already arising throughout the British West Indies of understanding the true role of a Minister of Government. Many West Indian politicians, having been for years accustomed to a paternal, highly stratified system under which the top man gave orders and the man next in line carried out these orders, now find it difficult, as Ministers of State, for example, to seek advice from or to work with technical experts who have not got the political and social status which Ministers possess. Once again, we have borrowed an office without fully understanding its role.

These difficulties and dangers, most obvious, perhaps, in the case of Haiti, now hold nearly as much for the British West Indies. Now that the "British bayonet" has been withdrawn from the West Indies, there is no external force present to see to it that law and order is kept. Only certain traditions, such as the one referred to above in connection with the law-courts, are present to prevent the development of dictatorship and chaos. While these traditions are still strong among us, then, and before the stresses of the situation warp them, our main problem is to educate our people to the realization that gaining the externals of freedom from a colonial power is only half the battle. The great task which lies before us, and before all the peoples now emerging from colonialism, is to see to it that the forms borrowed from the imperial powers will work as well among us as they do in their imperial homes.

THE SCREEN

FEUDIN' IS FUTILE

PRACTICALLY everything about "The Big Country" is big: its gorgeous color photography of the great Southwest spreads across a wide screen; its star-crowded cast carry on impressively; even its fights and gunplay are done in a big way. The script, however, doesn't come up to all this bigness. Although it took five writers to convert Donald Hamilton's novel into a screenplay, and the story is interesting, there is hardly enough to it to warrant the picture's running time.

This is not to say that "The Big Country" is dull. Far from it. Under Wyler's good direction the cast establish the characters well and are engrossing to watch; and what they have to say about the futility of feuding and fighting is worthy, but it just takes them too long to say it. Gregory Peck, as a peace-loving Eastern gentleman, arrives in the great open spaces of the Southwest to marry Carroll Baker and finds himself in the midst of a feud between her father (Charles Bickford) and another big rancher (Burl Ives). When Peck makes clear that he thinks retaliation and gun play are not the answer to their differences, his fiancée, her father and their tough foreman (Charlton Heston) decide that Peck is not only a tenderfoot but also a coward.

But no coward he; and before the finale, peaceable Peck has to prove his ability and courage by several fights, including one with Ives' villainous son (Chuck Connors) who has kidnapped gentle Jean Simmons, hoping to marry her, and by heroic efforts to end the feud between Bickford and Ives. Producers William Wyler and Gregory Peck have made a very handsome picture, and Director Wyler has instilled plenty of suspense and lively characterization into it. But they have tried to stretch into a western style epic themes that are not of epic proportion.

IN HIS NEW picture, Gary Cooper has even more problems than Peck. As "Man of the West," he portrays a reformed outlaw who went straight years ago and now, as a trusted member of his community, is being sent with six hundred of their gold dollars on the train to Fort Worth to hire a new school teacher. But on the way the train is held up by robbers; and in the scuffle Cooper and two other passengers are left behind. When they hit the trail on foot, these two (Julie London as a dance-hall girl; Arthur O'Connell as a cardsharp) prove quite a hindrance to the lanky ex-gun slinger, especially when the tired threesome arrive at a dilapidated old ranch where the robbers are hiding out.

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For the first time we learn about Cooper's disreputable past—for these outlaws are the very gang he belonged to, a tough, brutal, almost savage group of men led by Cooper's evil uncle (Lee J. Cobb) who hopes his clever nephew will work with them again. Cooper, who has a wife and children back home and takes his reform seriously, sizes up his problem well. He knows what ruthless killers these men are and that they will force him to join them, but he realizes if he sinks to their level and methods he is no better than they.

Reginald Rose's good script states the situation effectively, especially in the moral problems involved; and the cast, under Anthony Mann's direction, are good too. But the film's greatest mistake is in its overemphasis. The bad men are so cold-blooded and vicious that the picture takes on an inhuman quality. Jack Lord, as Cooper's degenerate cousin, gives an impressive, realistic performance, but it is Director Mann's fault that at least two of the film's scenes are more like exercises in sadism than anything else. In spite of unnecessary violence, however, Gary Cooper and Julie London give "Man of the West" a certain poignancy; and when it isn't being ridiculously tough, the movie is quite entertaining.

STEWART GRANGER goes in for bouts of bravery and trepidation, too, in "Harry Black and the Tiger," which was beautifully filmed in color in India. Its plot is a curious mixture of adventure, soap opera and symbolism in which Granger, hired by the Indian Government to kill a man-eating tiger, goes through some fascinating scenes hunting down the beast and some sorry scenes mooning over the wife of his friend. Flashbacks reveal how the friend (Anthony Steel) failed Granger and fellow officers in a P.O.W. camp during World War II and then how Granger happened to fall in love with Steel's wife (Barbara Rush). Under Director Hugo Fregonese, the acting is good although the Indians (especially I.S. Johar as Granger's tracker, and Kamala Devi as a nurse) are so attractive and interesting they make the whites look somewhat pale. The hunting episodes are excellent, and Granger's victory over the evil tiger and the evil within himself is well portrayed.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE LONELY CROWD

MR. JEROME ROBBINS derives his singularity as an artist not least of all from his energies as a man, and with the advent of these brilliant inventions of "Ballets: U.S.A." *(at the Alvin),* his talent is represented on five current stages: in the repertories of two visiting ballet companies, by the choreographic pleasantries of "Bells Are Ringing" and the experiment in dance method which is "West Side Story." It is a diverse roster, less of style and tone—Mr. Robbins wears a very certain identity—than of quality, and indeed this unevenness of merit must be taken as a hazard of ambition.

In the Broadway theater, Mr. Robbins is esteemed as the designer of movement full of witty assumption and shrewd, usually satiric, device, an aspect of his talent exhibited in "Ballets: U.S.A." by *The Concert,* a fertile lunacy of improvisation on musical fantasies and attitudes, sportive yet with point to its gaiety. For the New York City Ballet, he has created works of a more somber coloring and emotional solicitation—"The Age of Anxiety," "Afternoon of a Faun," "The Cage"—with which it is difficult to be quite at ease; these seem to want a last sincerity and freedom, to be willed with a rather insistent social pretense: one cannot imagine them, in the human sense, to have cost deeply. Of the wretched event of "West Side Story"—I have in mind now its moral sensibility, not its originalities of form—all this may be said, and more; so there is relief and happy shock in recognizing *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz,* the centerpiece of "Ballets: U.S.A.," as a powerful achievement: sophisticated, intense, faithful to Mr. Robbins' streetcorner romanticism yet without the sentimental gas, a dance in which one may trace the reality of sociological fact, but also the larger reality of art. Indeed, with its objectivity and responsibly rendered human substance, with that *something* too, caught between its shifting patterns, of the danger and anarchy of life in the American age, *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz* is a signal illustration of that paradox by which, in esthetic judgment, we usually concede permanence only to what is the fullest exploration and embodiment of the transient.

The prose of Mr. Robbins' method, its familiar surfaces of contemporary realism, serves, even in his lighter works, to delineate an essentially poetic idea of solitude: the boy and girl, in "Afternoon of a Faun," who choose their narcissistic beauty above all communion; the victims of "The Cage" and "The Age of Anxiety"; the dreadful freedom which is the climate of "West Side Story" and *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz;* even the free-wheeling hallucinations of *The Concert:* all these are variations on a theme which has, for Mr. Robbins, the recurrence if not the force of an obsession. In *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz,* he has made of it a most elegant and invulnerable statement. To a score of febrile and insinuating seduction by Mr. Robert Prince, and against Mr. Ben Shahn's *grisaille* of the urban jungle, a group of young persons move in a joyless ritual of jazz intensities. Formally, Mr. Robbins has absolved the work of

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program, has imagined for it rather an abstract sequence of improvisations, passage for two, fugue and so on. There is no resolution of its lyric substance, no conventional development, neither invitation nor release offered to emotional involvement: *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz* has only the mathematical beauty of cumulative intensity, and the aesthetic beauty of total expressiveness.

I read in this its style, its excellence and limitation, not least its sociological testimony. Of the personal character which is style, the definition, the work commands a maximum, and largely, I would say, by a stress on evocation, by Mr. Robbins' refusing to exploit (as he does *not* refuse, in "West Side Story") his indiscriminate private sentiments about an objective and visible experience. There is an austerity of intent about this which is not a little noble. And it permits to *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz* the total expressiveness I have remarked as its chief beauty. One feels here, as in a superior painting, that no inch of its surface is without animation, none of its life without rhythmic relation to the whole: a substance has beautifully found its form. So too is the communication of that made fluent: I cannot recall a dance in which inner states of feeling, alien to my interest and desire and experience, have evoked by their free and insistent urgency such irresistible involvement of my own kinesthetic responses.

Such technical completeness of expression and idiom is rare in any art, yet we are right to be concerned with the *what* of expressiveness, too: its weight and quality of life, communicated value. Mr. Robbins' recurrent motif of solitude, I have cited; equally to be marked is his commitment to a mystique (almost) of youth, a mystique of which *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz* is the most convincing statement. I am a shade reluctant to hear in this new work what one critic calls "the voice, wordless, of youth"—it is not, certainly, the voice, wordless, of *my* (receding) youth—but its social evidence is still hardly to be burked: of rootlessness, of the abolition of racial anchors and a cultural past, of flayed eroticism and the straitened nerves. What is new is not so much the violence as the emotional anesthesia, utter indifference to excellence or individuality, the compulsive huddlings and ineluctable solitudes of the lonely crowd.

Mr. David Riesman's phrase has doubtless made it easier for all of us to be imprecise and oddly complacent about our society, yet Mr. Robbins' theatrical discourse on it gives the sociologist a dreadful authority. Nor does it qualify my pleasure in *N.Y. Export, op. Jazz* to wish openly that Mr. Robbins might have brought to bear on his brilliantly imaged sense of youth's extremity some further intricacy of comment or labor of exploration (all appearances of doing so in "West Side Story" are lies). It is, of course, strictly his privilege to remain within the limits of the expressive. One remarks only the denial of a final *dramatic* complexity such a choice imposes on his work.

RICHARD HAYES.

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COMMUNICATIONS

"CONTROVERSY IN NEW YORK"

Worcester, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: I should like to be allowed to add some comments to what James Finn has written on the birth control controversy in New York City [Sept. 12, 1958]. I entirely agree with everything he says. But the controversy has brought to my mind a few other points which, I believe, should be of concern to the whole community.

I wish the beautiful word "therapy" was not so loosely used as to designate something that has nothing to do with the disease in question, for instance, with diabetes. Yet it is relatively irrelevant to know if the fitting of birth control devices is "proper and accepted therapy." The question is: should therapy, even proper and accepted, be financed with public money if it is offensive to the moral conscience of a large and responsible section of the community?

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It is significant that the question raised by most opposing organizations in this matter has been another, namely: should a section of the community impose its moral standards on the whole?

Catholics have been satisfied with asking the former, the negative, question, while Protestants have raised the latter, the positive, question. As always, the negative question is the more restrained, and the positive question is the more aggressive. Circumstances of the case have given still sharper colors to this; and the Catholic Church has been presented as endangering the life of a poor, innocent Protestant lady. Catholic statements have, on the whole, carefully avoided emotionalism. The declaration issued by the Chancery Office of the Archdiocese of New York was, as I see it, a model of moderation. I could not say this of what the Protestant Council of the City of New York has written. Nor are the altruistic motives of the Council unequivocal: in a current appeal for financial support which is made through the mail (a friend has just shown me what the mail has brought in) the Council's stand against Commissioner Jacobs is given the headlines. Anti-Catholicism still pays.

This brings me to my main point: a Protestant conscience that would only be a delicate conscience could be satisfied with the "unwritten rule" of New York City hospitals, because it would also respect the Catholic conscience. But a Protestant conscience which is also an anti-Catholic conscience cannot be so satisfied, because it does not respect the Catholic conscience.

The inconsistency on the part of the Council that James Finn mentions at the end of his article bears this out. I will give two more instances of this anti-Catholic conscience, taken from other fields and involving other agencies than the Protestant Council of the City of New York.

Some months ago, a release of *Ecumenical Press Service* (weekly issued for America from Geneva's headquarters of the World Council of Churches) contained two consecutive items. The first reported some Protestant denunciation of Catholic influence over politics and government in Colombia. The second quoted an American urging Protestants to become more active and influential in American politics and government. In other words (*my* comment), the anti-Catholic conscience recommends to American Protestants what it condemns in Colombian Catholics.

My second instance is this. Committees are now sprouting up in Connecticut to fight "public buses for Catholic schools." Their argument is that public funds should not be used for what is offensive to a large and responsible section of the community. It is the exact argument of Catholics in New York City, which the Protestant Council, there, will not consider. The argument (*my* comment) is good when it supports a Protestant case, bad when it supports a Catholic case.

In the long run I do not think it matters much if a few hundred or thousand dollars of public funds go to non-Catholic patients for what is objectionable to Catholics, as long as no Catholic is forced to be a direct partner to this. What matters is the continuing influence of the anti-Catholic conscience over the Protestant conscience. This gives many Protestant bodies a double standard of judgment: the one applies to themselves, and the other to the Catholic Church. Surely, this should be a matter of concern to all, and first of all to the Protestant conscience itself.

(Rev.) GEORGE TAVARD, A. A.

BOOKS

A New Kind of Hero for Ignazio Silone

THE SECRET OF LUCA. By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Darina Silone. Harper. $3.50.

By RICHARD HORCHLER

IN HIS CONTRIBUTION to *The God That Failed,* Silone explained his determination not to become merely an "ex-Communist." He is, of course, not an "ex-Communist" in the sense he meant, but all his books are inevitably and deeply colored by his experience as a Communist Party member. They return always, with mingled hope and lamentation, to the relation between the individual and society.

The Secret of Luca, Silone's latest novel, reveals the same concern, although this time the conflict is cast in non-political terms. The new novel is a deceptively simple story of an Abruzzi peasant, Luca Sabatini, who returns to his mountain village after forty years in prison for a crime he did not commit. Luca had been accused of murder on the basis of circumstantial evidence, and had refused to say a word in his own defense. Although none of the villagers really believed him guilty, no one would speak in his behalf, and everyone seemed strangely relieved when he was convicted and taken away to prison. Now, more than a generation later, his reappearance in the village produces widening circles of guilt and apprehension.

But Luca bears no grudge, seeks no revenge. It cannot even be said that he has forgiven those who wronged him, because, incredibly, he feels no sense of injury. The secret he carries, which the villagers are sure is something dreadful, is for Luca a hidden source of peace.

Little by little the mystery is uncovered, revealing an ancient network of human frailities and minor mischance which extended over the entire countryside—and at the center of this web lies Luca's secret,

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an act of almost superhuman self-sacrifice. His secret, in a word, is love.

Luca is a new kind of hero for Silone. Silone used to see the individual confronted by an immoral social order and forced to choose between acceptance and rebellion. The man of good will could refuse to "become an accomplice," as he put it, only by taking action against society's injustice—and, it seemed, being crushed for his pains. *The Secret of Luca,* however, suggests a third alternative—the possibility of a wholly inner, transcendent victory, a triumph of the spirit of love in the very act of submission. This development in Silone's outlook may be counted as evidence of spiritual growth, as a welcome corrective to the social reformer's preoccupation with externals, and so it may be. Still, there are misgivings: the separation of the individual and social salvation, with the abandonment of effort for peace and justice except in interior terms, may also be held to indicate another kind of despair.

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In any case, aside from its significance as part of Silone's ideological odyssey, *The Secret of Luca* is an unusual and compelling work. The writing is characteristically simple and vivid, but this time with a starkness, a Biblical strength, which is not so much evident in the earlier books. The Biblical tone is intensified by innumerable Scriptural parallels and allusions, and by an almost oppressive burden of Christian symbolism. The shadow of the Cross dominates all, transforming a simple narrative into a darkly portentous allegory. Unfortunately, however, all this slowly accumulated power is expended in a dénouement which is merely and rather ordinarily romantic. What had been a vastly symbolic parable of man's fate dwindles to a familiar tale of star-crossed lovers, and the grand dimensions of Luca's suffering are shrunk to the level of anecdote—affecting anecdote, it is true, but only that.

Nevertheless, while *The Secret of Luca* will not rank with Silone's best, it is unquestionably a novel of many excellences. A slight book, and, I think, seriously flawed in structure, it is, as we have come to expect of Silone, beautifully written and rooted deeply and authentically in the soil and soul of Italy. It is rich in wisdom, in compassion and, even more rare, in a spirit of simplicity and goodness.

Law and Disorder

THE LAW. By Roger Vailland. Knopf. $3.95.

By JAMES GREENE

AROUND THE symbol of *law,* Roger Vailland gathers in this brief novel the sultry emotions and violent events of a Southern Italian village. The law—cold, unalterable, inhuman—emerges as the book's protagonist; in lordly majesty it metes out reward and punishment, shame and glory, to the people of Porto Manacore.

But Vailland's story is no morality play: reward does not always go to the deserving, and punishment may descend on the unwitting heads of the innocent. In the course of his tale, Vailland brilliantly analyzes "the law," not as a finely wrought and codified instrument of justice, but as a time-encrusted weapon of society not against the lawless but against itself. A body of the society's superstitions, prejudices and passions, "the law" is as irrational and undiscerning as those elements. This "law," more than the formal system of statutes and courts, guides the lives of Manacoreans, who no more expect to find justice in their midst than they expect health from the malarial swamp surrounding the town.

Such anarchy, however, is intolerable to the human spirit; what their lives deny them the Manacoreans provide in a game aptly entitled "the law." A "chief" and his assistant are arbitrarily chosen and these two in their conversation may insult, slander and libel the other players who must submit in silence. In a small, overpopulated village the sources of intimate information are many and the citizens play the game with chilling viciousness. But the game begins and ends; the "chief" is not always the overlord in real life, and the unjust, in the game of "law," must suffer injustice. By means of the game the Italians are able to get a grip on their existence that no actual experience can provide.

Despite its exotic locale, Vailland's village provides a varied cast of characters ranging from the monarchist landowner, Don Cesare, through a layer of corrupted civil servants down to a group of juvenile delinquents who live by their wits. Controlling them all is Matteo Brigante, a sort of one-man Maffia who grows wealthy on the corruption and irrationality of society, but who also introduces a modicum of predictability to the book: regardless of what happens, he will collect his percentage. Brigante wishes his son to become a lawyer, a man who may play both systems of "law" against each other, but even the son realizes which "law" is paramount. Indeed, Vailland uses all these characters to demonstrate that

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Southern Italy's preoccupations of love, honor and rape are the outcome of its accepting "the law."

After winning France's important Prix Goncourt in 1957, and reaching a sale of 250,000 copies, Vailland's novel should continue to be widely read in this admirable English translation by Peter Wiles. With a precision of expression and a strict economy of words, Vailland manages to place in focus a central human concern: that of man's constant intellectual striving for justice while the human heart continues its illicit intercourse with the irrational and preserves its belief that justice, that plastic toy of academicians, can only float on the turbulent waters of existence.

In America, particularly, Vailland's book should stir up comment. For here we have some measure of agreement about which aspects of life lend themselves to formal "legislation," and which must yield themselves to that less just but more pervasive "law" Vailland describes. When the two conflict, when one sector wants formal proscription and another denies its desirability, dangerous tensions are built up. It is seldom considered what "proscriptions" already exist in the uncodified law. The West may have outlawed slavery and forced labor, but as Vailland's corrupt Chief of Police, in his musings on the lovers of Porto Manacore, rightly concludes: "There were some human beings who owned others; the owners become owned in their turn; one condition led to the other; there was no escape."

Triumph of Spirit

GATE TO THE SEA. By Bryher. Pantheon. $2.75.

By MARIAN SELDIN

ONE OF THE most interesting things about *Gate to the Sea* is that though its hundred pages make it one of the shortest historical novels on record, its economy never verges on the cramped. Its setting is Poseidonia, a fourth century, B.C., Greek city on the coast of Italy, eight years after its conquest by the Lucanians, barbarians from the hills. The Lucanians destroyed not just the city's beauty but the spirit of community its enslaved inhabitants once had by forbidding them to speak Greek except on one day a year—a festival-day in honor of Hera.

How complete a triumph such tactics have won is evident as the slaves keep their holiday. A Greek girl is willing to spy on Harmonia, the priestess, with a possible husband as a reward. Greek slaves taunt Lykos, a Greek wounded and made lame during the sack of the city, because he is about to be sold and separated from his much-beloved wife. The men grumble that the holiday, once central to the cultural life of Poseidonia, upsets their wives recalling as it does the city's former glory; yet they take what part they can in the predominantly feminine festivities because there is a distribution of cakes at the procession's end.

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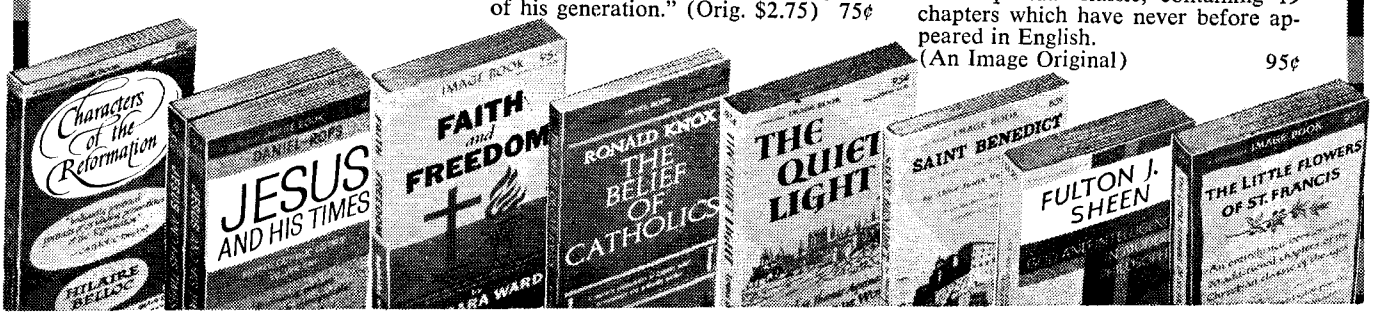

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In the midst of her growing awareness of personal danger and of the hopelessness of succoring a people so utterly demoralized, Harmonia meets her brother, Archias, at the seaside shrine of the goddess. Driven half-mad by a false sense of guilt because as a child he had trespassed unwittingly in the goddess's mountain sanctuary, Archias has returned from exile at the command of an oracle to carry his sister to freedom and to reclaim the silver disc which is the city's symbol. They escape through the gate to the sea with Lykos, his wife, a small boy who having been born free feels honor-bound to try to be a free man, and Myro, a child Archias met in exile, who believes in him and in his tales and who wants, besides, to be a sailor herself.

Bryher, or Winnifred Ellerman, as she was born, has given her story the background, political and religious, it needs to be meaningful. Both the proximate and the remote causes of Poseidonia's fall emerge in the texture of the novel, as do details of the religious rite at which Harmonia officiates and some insight into the ideal, the end her way of life is intended to achieve.

What is more important is that Harmonia, at least, is a fully realized characterization, and none of the other important figures in the story—not even the villain, Phanion—are so two-dimensional they may be written off as types. Their reality results partly from an ingredient somewhat unexpected in so short a work, the poignancy of their attempts to cope in their several ways with evil, to understand why complacency alone should have brought upon Poseidonia so much pain. And by yet another quality surprising in a work both short and on the whole somber: humor.

All in all, *Gate to the Sea,* like Bryher's other historical vignettes, is cleanly made in structure and in style, an adventure in which the human spirit not only survives but, as Faulkner would say, prevails.

Light and Shadow

NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE STORK WILL BRING. By Charles Criswell. McDowell, Oblensky. $3.50.
DANGEROUS WORLDS. By Joan O'Donovan. William Morrow. $3.50.

By PATRICA DONEGAN

AUTHORS JEAN O'DONOVAN and Charles Criswell are, to a large extent, dealing with the same subject matter in their respective short story collections, *Dangerous Worlds,* and *Nobody Knows What the Stork Will Bring.* It is the way in which they handle them that is different. Whereas Mr. Criswell's use of the grotesque and horrible gives a blunt and rather unpleasant force to his treatment of the misuses of love, Miss O'Donovan's warm perceptions and skilful comment put into sunlit focus what Mr. Criswell has attempted to highlight by shadow.

In both collections the title stories explore first revelations about sex, and in both the central figure is a young girl. Miss O'Donovan's heroine is an adolescent, Mr. Criswell's a much younger child, but the difference doesn't end here. In Miss O'Donovan's story, we have a complete and fully realized character, whose moment of revelation comes as a logical and satisfying part of the sequence of feelings and events that precede it. Elsie, the heroine, is an adolescent, preoccupied not only with half understood and whispered revelations concerning sex, but with herself as an adolescent. The author, with humor, good nature and insight, explores the nature of adolescent love, hoarded, in tremulous independence from the family, bestowed, indiscriminately in bursts of confidence and longing, on first one object and then another. Then she guides her character to a moment of insight when Elsie perceives herself as part of her family, and in this identification with love she also perceives the proper wonder of sex as it is manifested in the birth of her baby brother.

In contrasting Miss O'Donovan's title story with Mr. Criswell's we see not only a different approach, but a different technique. The latter does not round his characters. He relies greatly on dialogue and lacks both the humor and perceptive comment at which Miss O'Donovan is so skilful. He has a tendency to throw his subordinate characters into shadow, to subdue them in order to add force to the central figure. The little girl in "Nobody Knows What the Stork Will Bring," as in Miss O'Donovan's story, exchanges confidences about sexual

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I find that it is not possible for me to give adequate praise to *Worship* in the space alloted. It is sound and scholarly—but at the same time lively and direct. Probably most of its readers are priests, but it is written and edited for all Catholics.

The subject matter and purpose of the magazine do not vary from issue to issue: *Worship* is published to help people understand the Mass and the sacraments. Yet there is tremendous variety in its pages; perhaps the first and possibly the most valuable educational experience one gets from it is the realization of the ties between liturgy and life.

Worship treats of the social order, religious sociology, music, art, and architecture, of the psychology of modern man, the meaning of sacrifice, liturgical reforms, and of the participation of the laity in the prayer-life of the Church.

I said it was for "all Catholics," but there must be a reservation. Though *Worship* is "popular" in the sense of being non-technical, it asks serious work and some background of its readers. Given the work, the background could be derived (over a number of issues) from the magazine itself.

— Robert Hoyt in *The Kansas City–St. Joseph Register*

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matters with a friend. But the ending here is shocking, possibly offensive, and seems to have little positive value.

The Private Person

ENGAGED IN WRITING. By Stephen Spender. Farrar, Straus. $3.75.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

MR. SPENDER has contrived a happy juxtaposition with these two short novels. The title story takes place within the public domain of a cultural conference; the second, *The Fool and the Princess,* inhabits the private realm of the *almost* isolated sensibility.

There is a sadness about *Engaged In Writing,* but for the most part it is a circus in which the clowns and the jugglers are thinly disguised European intellectuals whom most of us take seriously. Olim Asphalt, a literary Englishman and a veteran of cultural and ideological warfare arrives in Venice to attend a EUROPLUME convention shortly after Nikita Khrushchev's speech to the Twentieth Party Congress. This was the period of the Thaw. Something, Asphalt thought, was bound to happen. And it did. After listening to Sorret and Marteau from France (Eloise Bienvue did not come) dispute philosophically in blank verse, after hearing the Russian delegation say that nobody could disagree about culture, after realizing that his attempt at lovemaking with a young Hungarian interpreter was "typically absurd," Asphalt resigns from his post as representative of Lituno, a United Nations sub-organ, and becomes in Dr. Bonvolio's phrase, "nothing but himself, a private person."

In his critical writing, Spender has considered the "utterly isolated sensibility" presented in the modern novel, and in *The Fool and the Princess* one of the characters thinks of his sensibility as "too isolated for communication." This sensibility is Mr. Spender's home grounds, so to speak, and yet he and Olim Asphalt of *Engaged in Writing* react with splendid contempt to the theory of ideological isolation.

The Fool and the Princess properly follows *Engaged in Writing.* In the second, shorter novel Mr. Spender gives free rein to his interest in the private person. Harvey Granville, the "fool" of the title, is fully realized because the author never commits the error of forcing his perceptions into a prejudice of style. Mr. Spender's prose is not forceful or elegant, indeed it can be annoyingly slack, but it is usually a true prose: one is sure that the style is the man, not the man the style.

No doubt *Engaged in Writing,* because of its timely subject matter, will be the more immediately attractive of these two novels; nevertheless, I think *The Fool and the Princess* a better work. In about eighty pages Mr. Spender has imagined the possibility of communication for that caged and lonely modern sensibility which he has previously explored with such patience. It is good that somebody wrote *Engaged in Writing;* it is better that Stephen Spender has written *The Fool and the Princess.*

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